

MRS. CHAPLIN MAY BE SENT BACK TO BRITAIN

Mother of Screen Comedian Comes Here on Questionable Status, Officials Say.

Is the Bureau of Immigration, Department of Labor, authorized to admit a mental defective to the United States for the purpose of undergoing medical treatment, and with the understanding that such alien shall depart when the treatment has been taken?

Upon the answer to this question depends whether or not Mrs. Hannah Chaplin, mother of Charlie Chaplin, screen comedian, now here on a temporary permit, shall remain in this country another day, week, month, or year.

Secretary Davis has requested the solicitor of the Department of Labor to submit an opinion covering the point. It was raised on the application of Mrs. Chaplin, through counsel, for extension of a permit granted her in 1919 to come to the United States for medical treatment. She arrived in New York in March, 1921, and was admitted on the authority of a permit issued under the old administration. Under the care and protection of her son she was installed in a home in California, and upon the expiration of the permit specified in the application for an extension of time was made. The Bureau of Immigration has recommended that she be allowed to remain another year.

The status of Mrs. Chaplin is not that of an immigrant, said Assistant Secretary of Labor Henning today. "It has never been even suggested to the Department that she be allowed to remain in the United States permanently. It is customary for us to admit persons in ill health to enable them to receive special medical or surgical treatment. In this case, however, the patient is frankly admitted to be suffering from mental derangement brought on during the serial bombardment of London during the war. Mrs. Chaplin is not seeking residence here; she has her own home in England; she has a son here who is capable of giving her every comfort, and who is taking proper care of her, but because it is admittedly a case of mental derangement many persons throughout the country have attempted to make it an excuse for lowering the bars to admit aliens."

GEORGE R. ROGERS HEADS RESERVE CITY BANKERS

ST. LOUIS, May 24.—George R. Rogers, vice president of the Manufacturers and Traders' National Bank of Buffalo, N. Y., was elected president of the Association of Reserve City Bankers at the close of the annual convention here yesterday.

French Lick Springs, Ind., was chosen as the next meeting place. Other officers elected included C. H. Ayer, Detroit, Mich.; L. C. Humes, Memphis, Tenn.; and George Soule, Boston, directors.

BEATS ANYTHING HE'S EVER SEEN

Well-Known Ninth St. Citizen Says He Feels It Duty to Make Public Statement.

"I am now going on seventy-one years of age and in all my long experience I have never come across a medicine that I consider in a class with Tanlac. It comes nearer making young folks out of old ones than anything else I know anything about, too, for since taking it I feel younger, healthier and stronger than I have in years."

The above statement was made a few days ago, by Charles W. Engelbright, residing at 519 Ninth street southwest, Washington, D. C. Mr. Engelbright is not only highly respected in the community where he lives, but he is also well known and popular at Center Market, 919 B street northwest, where he has been employed for thirty years, or more.

"For two years past," said Mr. Engelbright, "I have had a pretty tough time of it with stomach trouble. My appetite was fairly good, but the after effects no one who has not suffered the same way can know. I would often wake up of nights in misery from the gas on my stomach and my throat and mouth feeling as dry as a chip. I could get very little ease or rest on account of this indigestion. I got awfully weak and just seemed to lose all my energy. I just seemed to be going into a general decline."

"One night after reading about Tanlac I bought a bottle and have never been so pleased with anything in my life. The first one helped me so much that I bought another, then another and kept on improving. I have praised Tanlac to a number of my friends and several of them have started taking it on my say so. I have lived in Washington all my life and know a great many people and feel that I ought to make a public statement for the benefit of those who care to take my word for Tanlac being a fine stomach medicine and tonic."

"As to the results in my own case I cannot find words to fully express my satisfaction. I can now sit down to the table and eat to the limit of anything I want and never feel a pain, or have a sign of gas and indigestion afterwards. My sleep is sound and restful as that of a school boy and I get up mornings feeling thoroughly rested and refreshed. My strength and energy has been so renewed that I don't feel my age by a good many years. Tanlac is one medicine I can't recommend feeling sure it will help anybody who gives it a fair trial."

Tanlac is sold in Washington by Peoples Drug Stores and all leading druggists.

THE SHEIK

This Year's Most Thrilling Serial Continued

SYNOPSIS OF EARLY INSTALLMENTS.

Lady Diana Mayo believed she was incapable of love. She was the only sister of an unemotional English nobleman. She had been his companion. She competed on equal terms with the men of her circle in feats of sportsmanship, discussed life, its perplexities and conventions without qualm or convention. She decided, against the opposition of her brother and her friends and acquaintances to make a tour of the Sahara Desert, unaccompanied except by a native guide and his desert companions.

On the eve of her departure on this strange adventure, which she professed to deem conventional, she rejected the marriage proposal of a "man of her own kind" on the plea that she felt herself incapable of response to love and believed herself immune to its appeal.

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Installment IV.

By E. M. HULL.

DIANA threw the end of her cigarette at the lizard and laughed at its precipitant flight. She had no desire to follow the example of her escort and sleep. She was much too happy to lose a minute of her enjoyment by wasting it in rest that she did not require. She was perfectly content and satisfied with herself and her outlook. She had not a care or a thought in the world. There was not a thing that she would have changed or altered. Her life had always been happy; she had extracted the last ounce of pleasure out of every moment of it. That her happiness was due to the wealth that had enabled her to indulge in the sports and constant travel that made up the sum total of her desires never occurred to her. That what composed her pleasure in life was possible only because she was rich enough to buy the means of gratifying it did not enter her head. She thought of her wealth no more than of her beauty. The business connected with her coming of age, when the big fortune left to her by her father passed unreservedly into her own hands, was a wearisome necessity that had been got through as expeditiously as possible, with as little attention to detail as the old family lawyer had allowed, and an absence of interest that was evidenced in the careless scrawl she attached to each document that was given her to sign. The mere money in itself was nothing; it was only a means to an end. She had never even realized how much was expended on the continuous and luxurious expeditions that she had made with Sir Aubrey; her own individual tastes were simple, and apart from the expensive equipment that was indispensable for their hunting trips, and which was Aubrey's choosing, not hers, she was not extravagant. The long list of figures that had been so boring during the tedious hours that she had spent with the lawyer, grudging every second of the glorious September morning that she had had to waste in the library when she was longing to be out of doors, had conveyed nothing to her beyond the fact that in future when she wanted anything she would be put to the trouble of writing out an absurd piece of paper herself, instead of leaving the matter in Aubrey's hands, as she had done hitherto.

She had hardly understood and had been much embarrassed by the formal and pedantic congratulations with which the lawyer had concluded his business statement. She was not aware that she was an object of congratulation. It all seemed very stupid and uninteresting. Of real life she knew nothing, and of the ordinary ties and attachments of family life less than nothing. Aubrey's cold, loveless training had debarred her from all affection; she had grown up oblivious of it. Love did not exist for her; from even the thought of passion she shrank instinctively with the same fastidiousness as she did from actual physical uncleanness.

That she had awakened an emotion that she did not understand herself in certain men had been an annoyance that had become more intolerable with repetition. She had hated them and herself impartially, and she had scorned them fiercely. She had never been so gentle and so human with anyone as she had been with Jim Arbuthnot, and that only because she was so radiantly happy that night that not even the distasteful reminder that she was a woman whom a man coveted was able to disturb her happiness. But here there was no need to dwell on annoyances or distasteful reminders.

Diana dug her heels into the soft ground with a little wriggle of content; here she would be free from anything that could mar her perfect enjoyment of life as it appeared to her. Here there was nothing to spoil her pleasure. Her head had drooped during her thoughts, and for the last few minutes her eyes had been fixed on the dusty tips of her riding boots. But she raised them now and looked up with a great content in them. It was the happiest day of her life. She had forgotten the quarrel with Aubrey. She had put her head in the chain of ideas suggested by the

passing caravan. There was nothing discordant to disturb the perfect harmony of her mind.

A shade beside her made her turn her head. Mustafa Ali saluted her. "It is time to start, Mademoiselle."

Diana looked up in surprise and then back over her shoulder at the escort. The men were already mounted. The smile faded from her eyes. Mustafa Ali was guide, but she was head of this expedition; if her guide had not realized this he would have to do so now. She glanced at the watch on her wrist.

"There is plenty of time," she said coolly.

Mustafa Ali saluted again. It is a long ride to reach the oasis where we must camp tonight," he insisted hurriedly.

Diana crossed one brown boot over the other, and scooping up some sand in the palm of her hand trickled it through her fingers slowly. "Then we can ride faster," she replied quietly, looking at the shining particles glistening in the sun.

Mustafa Ali made a movement of impatience and persisted doggedly. "Mademoiselle would do well to start."

Diana looked up swiftly with angry eyes. Under the man's suave manner and simple words a peremptory tone had crept into his voice. She sat quite still, her fingers raking the warm sand, and under her haughty stare the guide's eyes wavered and turned away. "We will start when I choose, Mustafa Ali," she said brusquely. "You may give orders to your men, but you will take your orders from me. I will tell you when I am ready. You may go."

Still he hesitated, swaying irresolutely backwards and forwards on his heels.

Diana snapped her fingers over her shoulder, a trick she had learned from a French officer in Biskra. "I said go!" she repeated sharply. She took no notice of his going and did not look back to see what orders he gave the men. She glanced at her watch again. Perhaps it was growing late, perhaps the camp was a longer ride than she had thought; but Mustafa Ali must learn his lesson if they rode till midnight to reach the oasis. She pushed her obstinate chin out further and then smiled again suddenly. She hoped that the night would fall before they reached their destination. There had been one or two moonlight riding picnics out from Biskra, and the glamour of the desert nights had gone to Diana's head. This riding into the unknown away from the noisy, chattering crowd who had spoiled the perfect stillness of the night would be infinitely more perfect. She gave a little sigh of regret as she thought of it. It was not really practical. Though she would wait nearly another hour to allow the fact of her authority to sink into Mustafa Ali's brain she would have to hasten afterwards to arrive at the camp before darkness set in. The men were unused to her ways and she to theirs. She would not have Stephens' help tonight; she would have to depend on herself to order everything as she wished it, and it was easier done in daylight. One hour would not make much difference. The horses had more in them than had been taken out of them this morning; they could be pushed along a bit faster with no harm happening to them. She eyed her watch from time to time with a grin of amusement, but suppressed the temptation to look and see how Mustafa Ali was taking it, for her action might be seen and misconstrued.

When the time she had set herself was up she rose and walked slowly towards the group of Arabs. The guide's face was sullen, but she took no notice, and, when they started, motioned him to her side again with a reference to Biskra that provoked a flow of words. It was the last place she wanted to hear of, but it was one of which he spoke the readiest, and she knew it was not wise to allow him to remain silent to sulk. His ill-temper would evaporate with the sound of his own voice. She rode forward steadily, silent herself, busy with her own thoughts, heedless of the voice beside her, and unconscious of the fact when it became silent.

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

DEMAND BRISK FOR HIGH CLASS FEATURE FILMS

Vivian P. Whitaker Predicts Summer Movie Patronage Will Be Big.

"In spite of any reports to the contrary, there is a greater demand for high-class photoplays than ever before in the history of the picture industry. Although there was slight slump in attendance several months ago, the big producers of the country, are daily receiving authentic reports which seem to indicate that the coming summer months will be without parallel in the matter of patronage."

This was the optimistic statement today of Vivian P. Whitaker, a former Washingtonian, and now H. Ince, one of the leading independent producers, who is spending a few days in the capital as the guest of Roland Robbins, manager of B. F. Keith's.

The demand for feature productions Whitaker explained, has reached the stage where the producers cannot accurately calculate on their production schedules with the result that many pictures are enjoying much longer runs than had been anticipated which means that the latest releases are being delayed.

Ince has just completed six large productions, ranging in cost from \$250,000 to \$600,000," said Whitaker, "which are ready to be put into the exhibitors' hands as soon as other Ince productions have fulfilled their contracts. The older of the Ince pictures are running throughout the country much longer than we had ever anticipated and as soon as these have had their day, we will release several others."

Public Organ Recital.

The forty-fourth public organ recital and community evening will bring to an end the musical season at Central High School Saturday night. The program will include dances, singing and an organ recital by Miss Edith B. Athey.

BEWARE SPITE SISTERS IF AT OUTS WITH YOUR GIRL, SAYS FAY KING



Sympathy at Such Times Often Just Good Graft, She Declares

By FAY KING.

When you have a fight with your best girl or your Mrs. be careful where you go for sympathy. The world is full of women just waiting to get guys to sigh on their shoulders and get in a lot of good work along the line of cheer-up, and you are apt to find yourself falling for them while in remorse.

I've seen many a guy take a spite sister to dinner to hurt his regular girl's feelings, and the little dame had such a line of lingo for easing aching hearts that she won him, and when he came to, and his girl or the Mrs. was ready to listen to reason, he had a tough time pulling away from the face that helped tide him over suicide.

Sympathy, like charity, is very often just a good graft.

Sometimes a consoler turns out to be a disturber. She's right there with the cheery while the chances are that there's no sign of a make-up with the other girl, but when she sees the silver lining start crashing through the clouds she can make a pretty good fight for her own

happiness, and where you had one woman to worry about you'll find you have two.

The moment the wife packs up the canary and goes back to mother hubby is sorry and lonely, and he is apt to think of some girl that will understand him, and she'll tell him how wonderful he is and at first pretend to aim at patching things up. But he is apt to find out that what starts out to be such a good, harmless friendship, based upon sympathy, will rapidly develop into a courtship based on love, and so it's a wise wife who comes back before it's too late.

Like in a prize fight, it isn't always the best man that beats the champ. It's often the guy that was lucky enough to be in the ring with the champion when he wasn't just right!

And it's that way in love. Many a dame has copped off a good guy because she caught him just when his real love affair was a bit on the blink, and she got in her good work fast and furious, and he fell for her, not because it was that girl particularly. He would have fallen for any dame

SUICIDE KNOWN AS "BIG EMMA" NOTED AS THIEF

Annexed Over \$500,000 in Shoplifting Loot, Chicago Police Allege.

By International News Service. CHICAGO, May 24.—Musty police records were brought to light today and an amazing story of the career of Mrs. Emma Weir, "the million-dollar lifter," was resurrected. Mrs. Weir and her inseparable companion, Mrs. Richey Gunther, were found dead in the Weir home Monday.

Mrs. Weir, according to the police, was known as "Big Emma," and was for years the directing head of one of the most notorious bands of shoplifters in Chicago. More than a dozen years ago it was estimated that the plunder taken by the band had aggregated more than \$500,000. So daring and clever were "Big Emma's" methods, police say, that apprehension of her or her associates was extremely difficult.

The police believe that "Big Emma's" career came to an end through suicide after murder. Mrs. Gunther's daughter and neighbors of Mrs. Weir declare the two had quarreled after years of closest friendship, and that Mrs. Weir had promised to see that "we both go to sleep and never awaken."

that happened along at just that time.

So it seems to me that if your best girl and you are at outs, or the Mrs. is sore at you and left you flat for mother, be mighty careful where you go for sympathy.

Better to be in the depths of despair and the depths of home-brewed ALONE—and beware of the fluffy friend who calls you up and coaxes you to come over because she knows how lonely you are!

And if your wife or your girl has got good sense she'll come back soon. It's better to battle than bolt!

GIRLS! LEMONS BLEACH FRECKLES AND WHITEN SKIN

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, which any drug store will supply for a few cents, shake well, and you have a quart of the best freckle and tan bleach, and complexion whitener.

Massage this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes bleach out and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes.—Advertisement.

WOMAN'S ILLS MAKE UNHAPPY HOME

There is no question but what the ill of women conspire against domestic harmony. The husband cannot understand these troubles and the physician finds it hard to cure them; therefore the overworked wife and mother continues to drag around day in and day out with headaches and backache, fretful and nervous.

Such women should be guided by the experience of women whose letters we are continually publishing in this paper. Many of them declare that they have been restored to health, strength and consequent happiness by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after doctors and all other medicines had failed to help them. It will surely pay women who suffer from such ailments to try it.



Silk stockings last longer washed this way, say makers of "Onyx" hosiery

THERE are those deliciously ribbed silk stockings that fit so smoothly to the ankle. They are so trig and smart to wear with one's best frock. Then the clocked ones that everyone must have for the informal tailor and the sturdier tweed mixtures for sports.

No matter how sheer, these delicate silk stockings can be made to last. Wash them the moment

they get soiled so that the fibre will not be weakened by the waste products of the skin.

Wash them after every wearing in pure Lux suds. They come out of their Lux bath fresh and new. For Lux can't harm anything that pure water alone won't harm. The grocer, druggist and department store have Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Emery & Beers Company, Inc.
BROADWAY AT 24TH STREET



Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

No silk stocking can be expected to wear well if it is allowed to remain unwashed for days. Perspiration acids, dust and leather stains will rot the delicate silk threads.

Silk stockings should be washed after every wearing and washed as gently as every other fine fabric.

Lux, with its generous suds is ideal for the quick, thorough washing silk stockings require. The rich suds are squeezed through the sheer fabric and totally do away with rubbing, which is too harsh for fine silk.

We advise every woman who buys our silk stockings to launder them with Lux.

Very truly yours,

Emery & Beers

EMERY & BEERS CO., Inc.
Sole owners "Onyx" Hosiery



LUX

Will not injure anything
pure water alone won't harm